The Chronicle and Index

OF THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

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THE Rev. J. C. Street begs to acknowledge receipt of the following subscriptions in aid of the publication and gratuitous circulation of the *Chronicle and Index*. Mr. D. Bulmer, 2/6; a Friend, Belfast, 5/-. Further contributions for the same purpose will be duly acknowledged.

THE season of short days and long nights is upon us once again. The Summer time is over, and holiday seekers have come from sea and shore. Every one is now looking forward to the Winter work. Ministers are back at their various posts, re-invigorated by their rest, and families who have been away in various parts of the world, often far from any churches where they could worship with those of their own household of faith, are now seeking their familiar places in their own houses of worship, and are ready to join in the work of the coming Season. All will be speedily in the full tide of activities, and the sounds of useful work will be heard in Church, and School, and Mission. We trust that there will be a revival of earnestness and a determination to use to the utmost extent the opportunities which are ours.

AMONG those already beginning their new activities are Mr. Wright, of Mountpottinger, who has commenced his Sunday Evening Services; Mr. Dunkerley, of Comber, who begins his Evening Services in October; and Mr. Street, of Rosemary Street, whose Evening Lectures begin on the same Sunday—his first subject being "Opening Vistas." These Lectures have, for many years past, attracted a large number of hearers, and we hope the present Season will be no exception to the rule. Every one must be up and doing; ready to welcome the strangers who come, and prompt to let them feel that their presence is a source of joy.

WE gladly call attention to the announcement in our advertising columns, of the Programme of the Rosemary Street Mutual Improvement Association. It betokens great life and activity, and shews a rich and varied fare for the Members of the Association. This valuable Association has done excellent work during past years, and has exerted a powerful influence for good on its numerous Members; but we doubt not the Session now commencing will be, at least, as fruitful as any of its predecessors. We shall be glad, as in former years, to give such reports, as we are able, of its interesting meetings.

MANY of our readers will be interested to know that the Rev. Christopher J. Street, M.A., who has just closed a very successful four years ministry, at Padiham, in Lancashire, has gone to Glasgow, to commence a Theological Lectureship, in connection with the Scottish Unitarian Association, and will enter upon the active duties of his appointment at the close of the present month. The position is unique in our body, and it will be studied with great interest by all who desire the diffusion of Liberal Religious principles in Scotland. Mr. Street is entering upon an arduous task, wherein learning, eloquence, temper, discretion, and zeal will be required. We hope he will be strengthened for the discharge of his grave duties.

THE Scottish Unitarian Association is to hold its Anniversary in Glasgow, on Sunday, October 21st, when Mr. Freckleton, of London, is to preach the Annual Sermons. On the following Tuesday, the 23rd, the Annual Meeting is to be held, and a welcome to be given to the Rev. C. J. Street, on the commencement of his Theological Lectureship. The Unitarian Society, in response to an earnest invitation, have appointed the Rev. J. C. Street, T. M'Clelland, J.P., and R. M'Calmont, F.C.S., to represent them on the occasion. The meeting is sure to be of an interesting and stirring character.

THE series of "Modern Sermons," published in Glasgow, is still being issued, and copies of any of them may be had at the Depository for one penny. They are admirable sermons and well-worthy the attention of our readers.

WE are glad to announce to our readers, that by permission of the Rev. R. R. Suffield, of Croydon, we have republished his most excellent discourse, entitled "Why I became a Unitarian." It has been revised by the author, and is pub-

lished in a very neat form. We have seldom seen a more valuable publication. The author writes with unreserve, and makes it clear to every mind that the reasons which influenced him in the important step he took were irresistible. He was obedient to the light, and to conscience. A wide circulation of this pamphlet would do a great amount of good, and we have published it at such a price as places it within the reach of everybody, It may be had at the Depository for one penny, or for 6/6 per hundred copies.

Progress is still reported among our brethern in England. In our last issue we noted the interesting fact of a Wesleyan Chapel being opened at Dunston-on-Tyne, by the Rev. J. C. Street, for Unitarian worship. Since then, Mr. Street has taken part, along with Revs. C. Beard, W. Gaskell, and W. G. Cadman, in the opening of a splendid new Church at Manchester, Oldham Road ; and Mr. Beard has re-opened Church and Schools at Accrington. The Clitheroe Mission still makes progress ; the New Church at Blackpool is now completed and in full work ; successful services have been carried on at Douglas, Isle of Man ; a new Mission is being started at Carlisle ; Cross Street Chapel, Manchester, has been re-opened by Mr. Gaskell, and Mr. Brooke Herford—and many other evidences have been given that our brethern are alive and in earnest. Some day our friends in Ireland may be stirred up to emulate these activities.

A Boston firm of publishers announce the publication in that city, of Miss Cooke's excellent "Story of Theodore Parker," with an introduction by Grace A. Oliver, being the first volume of "Lives of the Great and Good." The price is one dollar. Theodore Parker may well be the leader among the band of the great and the good.

Dr. Theodore Keim says, "the religion of Jesus is in its eternal chief constituent, the belief in the fatherhood of God ; and in inseparable connection with that, the belief in the religious and moral dignity of men."

We notice that a new convert from the Church of England, the Rev. Cyril A. Greaves, M.A., D.C.L., has recently been preaching in the pulpits of Reading and Newcastle-on-Tyne. We understand that the Rev. Dr. is seeking a settlement among us. He is one of a number who are always augmenting our ranks, by passing over to us from the popular Churches. Good and able men are always welcome to us whencesoever they come.

Henry Ward Beecher says, "How could I say 'Our Father,' if I believed the horrible doctrine that Calvin has crystalized, and which stands over the world, in my judgment, like the memories of the worst days of Sodom and Gomorrah, or of old Pagan Rome? I believe firmly in pain and penalty, but pain and penalty, are parental discipline part of the system of universal education that is to win man over from animalism, and bring him up into beauty and true spiritual life."

Some time ago we called attention to the creation of a Sustentation Fund, by the promoters and supporters of the Liverpool Conference. We are glad to see that a substantial measure of success has attended the efforts of the promoters, though we grieve to observe that as yet only one subscription has gone from Ireland. Our Irish churches cannot have the slightest moral claim to any benefits from the fund, unless they will give some proof that they have a living interest in it. But we have long been only sleeping partners in the work of the free churches in the United Kingdom. There appears to be some little misunderstanding between the promoters of this new Fund and the old Liverpool Fund, established for the same purpose. However, there is only likely to be a rivalry in good works, so we heartily wish success to both appeals which are now before the public, and commend them to such of our friends as are able to help on the good work.

Rademon.—The Sunday School in connection with this Congregation, held its Annual Treat on Tuesday, the 7th August. The party consisting of the Scholars, Teachers, and many friends, went by train to Newcastle. Having arrived at this charming watering-place, luncheon was served out in the recently erected and spacious Pavilion adjoining the Railway Station. Headed by a flute band, and with flags flying, the company then marched to the beautiful grounds of Lady Annesley, where games and other sports were indulged in most heartily by young and old. On the homeward march the procession drew up in front of Donard Lodge, where, on

the motion of the Rev. J. A. Kelly, cheers were given for Lady Annesley, and for her kindness in giving permission to enter her demesne. On reaching the Pavilion, and before entering the carriages, fruit and other refreshments, in bountiful supply, were handed round, and evidently very much appreciated. The enjoyment of all was enhanced by the generosity of the Members of the Congregation who supplied fruit and other dainties with no niggardly hands. A pleasing feature of the Excursion consisted in the presence of a number of friends from Orthodox Churches, who did their best to promote the enjoyment of the children.

Hopeton Street School Fete. On Saturday, September 1st, the Annual School Festival took place. The children, under the superintendence of Miss J. E. Bruce and Miss Dobbin, met at Carlisle Circus, where two tram-cars were ready to take them up to Adelaide Lodge, which had been kindly placed at the disposal of the Teachers by Mr. John Ritchie. Though the day was wet, the children enjoyed the trip in the cars, and passed a most pleasant time during brief intervals of fine weather in games, and when it was wet, in the house and sheds, which were crowded by the merry party. An excellent tea was provided by the ladies, and ample refreshments followed, the children going away in the evening laden with good things. Prizes were given for races and all kinds of competitive games, and the day brought an immense amount of pleasure to all the young people. The Teachers and friends were untiring in their efforts to please the children, and happy faces bore testimony to their success. As the children went back in the trams, under the superintendence of Mr. Sydney H. Street and Mr. J. Anderson, they beguiled the time by singing hymns and cheering for their Teachers. They all got home in good time after a day's real enjoyment.

We have the greatest pleasure in reproducing a portion of the speech delivered in Boston, U.S.A., on Saturday, September 8th, by Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England. It will be seen that the distinguished judge selects for his commendation a band of men, most of whom belonged to the Unitarian Body, and who have thrown a halo of glory over the American nation; and that he speaks of Theodore Parker as "perhaps one of your highest and greatest souls." Cast out by a band of narrow Sectarians, Parker has taken his place among the mighty prophets of the world. After referring to other matters, Lord Coleridge spoke as follows:—"I have seen Faneuil Hall, a plain but most magnificent building, I have seen that most magnificent building, within a few miles of this place—the Memorial Hall of Harvard University. Gentlemen, these things are full of interest and history, and I don't believe men who tell me you have no history. It may be you have a short history, because you cannot help it; but you have a great history. You have a history of which any Commonwealth may justly and rightly be proud. (Applause.) You know—forgive my vanity if I say that I know, too—that you bred Benjamin Franklin and Daniel Webster, and Joseph Story, and Theodore Parker. Daniel Webster, whose hand I was privileged as a boy at Eton, to press when he was in England as your representative, and whose eloquence I have humbly studied ever since; Story, a household word with every English lawyer; Parker, perhaps one of your highest and greatest souls. (Applause.) Hawthorne, if you will forgive the expression of a foreigner, is perhaps taken altogether, almost your foremost man of letters (applause); Longfellow, the delight and darling of two hemispheres; Holmes, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table (applause)—the autocrat, if he chose, of every dinner table, too; but there I am told he is content to play the part of a constitutional sovereign. Emerson, as broad and as strong as one of your long rivers, and as pure; Lowell, I am proud to say, my own honest friend (applause), your representative at this moment in my own country. Like Garrick in Joseph Reynolds's picture, he excels either in tragedy or comedy, and is delightful whether as Hosea Bigelow or as James Russell Lowell, skilled with equal genius to move the hearts of his readers, whether to smiles or tears. And Howells, the last of your American invaders who have taken England by storm. (Applause.) These are your glories, these are the men who make your history. These are the men—forgive me for saying—of whom you ought to be proud, if you are not heartily proud. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, in the person of a very humble Englishman on the one side, and of this great company on the other, let me think that England and America have met together to-night, that

they have come together and may ever stay together. (Applause.) Gentlemen, we are one, as Washington Allston said, and most truly said—the great painter and the poet who worked in this city, and who lies not far off in the Cambridge churchyard—we are one in blood, we are one in language, we are one in law, we are one in hatred of oppression and love of liberty. (Cries of "good" and loud applause.) We are bound together, if I may reverently say so, by God Himself in golden chains of mutual affection and mutual respect, and two nations so joined together, I am firmly convinced, man will never put asunder. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

WHAT THINGS MUST DIE?

In two companion poems Tennyson sings that "all things will die," and that "nothing will die." In the former he says :

. . . "All things must die.
The stream will cease to flow ;
The wind will cease to blow ;
The clouds will cease to fleet ;
The heart will cease to beat ;
For all things must die.
The old earth
Had a birth
As all men know
Long ago.
And the old earth must die.
So let the warm winds range,
And the blue wave beat the shore ;
For even and morn
Ye will never see
Through eternity.
All things were born.
Ye will come never more,
For all things must die.

And then, I suppose, feeling that he was only looking upon one side of the shield of truth, he sings :

Nothing will die ;
All things will change
Through eternity.
'Tis the World's winter ;
Autumn and Summer
Are gone long ago.
Earth is dry to the centre,
But Spring, a new comer :
A Spring, rich and strange,
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Through and through
Here and there,
Till the air
And the ground
Shall be filled with life anew.
The World was never made ;
It will change, but it will not fade.
So let the wind range ;
For even and morn
Ever will be
Through eternity.
Nothing was born ;
Nothing will die ;
All things will change.

Between these two teachings there seems to be a positive contradiction. If I were about to expound the poet I do not think I should find it difficult to trace a subtle harmony between the two representations, and to show that each of them set forward a real statement of the truth. But I am not about to expound Tennyson, only using his words as a key-note for a few things which I want to say.

Who can fail to see on all sides of us death and life? I do not pause now to consider any precise definitions of either death or life, but use both terms in their commonest significations. *Death* meets us everywhere, not only in the sanctuary of our homes, where it separates us from those we fain would keep, but in every region it thrusts itself into prominence, and will not be overlooked. Its work is seen everywhere and its very monuments, as they crumble away, testify to its reality. And so *Life* fills all things, from the sponge and barnacle, through grass and tree, to cattle and men ; permeates nature, slow and languid in some directions, boundless, full throbbing, plastic and passionful in others, everywhere asserting itself, triumphing over death, as death in turn triumphs over life ; but making the universe a theatre of endless pulsations, which may well be described as the eternal beating of life's heart. As we look upon this two-fold aspect of great realities, and in ourselves exemplify both, no wonder our ideas change, as one or other aspect is most prominent to us. When we find slipping from our side those we want to keep—treasures running through our closed fingers, like the fine sand on the sea shore—as we see one land-mark after another disappearing, familiar realities ceasing to be, even the very mountains crumbling away in the lapse of ages, as we see time, like a flood, sweeping over and blotting out histories and civilizations, leaving only here and there a waif for the Naturalist, a stone for the Geologist, or an inscription for the Scholar, and the Darwins, Lyells and Smiths trying to spell out their

ancient story, we cannot help but be impressed with a sense of all-conquering death, and say, "Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death." But then, as the other aspect fronts us, and we see the ivy or lichen feeding on the crumbling towers of ages, flowers sprouting forth from the turf on the grave, harvests waving above ancient battle-fields, the detritus of crumbling mountains making rich soil for producing food for man and beast, the buried vegetation of past ages yielding up light and warmth for mankind to day, we feel that, after all, Death is no more a conqueror than Life, and that Life is also Lord Paramount —the great potency of the Universe. As this latter view presses, nay, forces itself upon us, we are ready to exclaim with Tennyson that "nothing will die."

Only whatever our Philosophy may say there is a great positive reality which thrusts itself before us, and with hard and ugly face frowningly and tauntingly says, "you say there is no death, where then is the childhood's playmate? where is the life-long friend? where is the beloved child? where is your own youthtide? your bounding step and ringing voice? Give back old loves, and hopes, and passionate delights; ah! where are they? And mournfully you echo the cry, "where are they?" You know that whether they are dead or not, that to *you* they are dead; you can clasp them no more; they have slipped out of your life, and only the fading recollection survives, and as the mournful reality forces itself upon you, you gaze out upon a dark and stormy future, and you say: "all things must die." Sometimes you face the great problem of your own life, and reasoning from what seems to you a great and sad reality, you are inclined to say: "I too must die; when I lie down and breathe out my last sigh, the chapter is closed, and all is over. I too must pass into *annihilation*." And so the shadow of death rests upon you, and you see nothing but a great abyss of unconsciousness after earthly life is over.

It is not possible to pass over, or over-estimate the significance of this view of things. The solemn traces of it are found everywhere. And of late years a class of Theologians has deferred to such an extent to this idea that it has taught the doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked. Not on the same grounds have these varied conclusions been reached. Some reasoning from what seemed to them the analogy of things have reached the doctrine of general annihilation, because all things perish, and there seems no reason to make man an exception, while others, clinging to the letter of some parts of the Scriptures, and shocked at the idea of the doctrine of eternal torment, have come to the conclusion that in literal truth, "the soul that sinneth it shall die." And so from two very different points of view similar conclusions have been reached.

To me both these conclusions are erroneous. And I do not rest upon any mere textual grounds. Texts from the Hebrew writings can always be quoted either way, in any controversy, and all disputes referred to such a tribunal are only decided after a balance of probabilities. The end reached is always just as unsatisfactory as the process by which it was reached.

One great lesson which modern science has taught us, with infallible accuracy, is that in Nature, and, therefore, in the Universe there is no such thing as annihilation. When, therefore, Tennyson sings—"Nothing was born; nothing will die; all things will change;" he was in the language of poetry, interpreting, at least, *one* of the established truisms of science. In the sense of annihiliation there is no such thing as death. The most skilful and learned chemist in the world cannot destroy one particle of matter. He can change its form, and alter its mode of manifestation, but in some other form and combination it will survive, not one atom lost. This law holds good throughout the Universe. You may dig out from the womb of the Earth untold millions of tons of coal, and burn them in your houses, and factories, and steam engines; you may fell the trees of virgin forests, and burn half a continent clear, preparing the way for plough and spade, but not by a single ounce do you disturb or alter the weight of the globe; the mass remains the same though you have changed the character of some of its constituents. Does it not seem strange, in face of this simple truism, that any one should talk of annihilation? When you cannot reduce any particle of matter to nothingness, can it be likely that man may be annihilated?

But, one class of those who believe in annihilation, the Philosophical class will say they do not use the word in its precise and accurate sense, they do not mean that the various particles which go to make up a man will be resolved into nothingness, but that that which actually constitutes the man, and distinguishes him from all others will cease to be. I

acknowledge the force of this, but still do not see that it clears the ground very much. The other class cling to the term, because they say the Scriptures say "shall die," which is equivalent to the affirmation that God has declared it, however improbable, nay, from our point of view, how impossible such an event is, with God all things are possible, and if He says they shall die, there is no more to be said in the matter. With these men it is useless to argue. I might as well reason with a savage, who bowed before his idol, or a baby who believed that her doll was alive. They are given over to the slavery of superstition, and are beyond the reach of reason and argument. But the Philsophical class are differently constituted. With them we must deal. My first contention with them is that they do not escape from the Philosophical blunder involved in the term annihilation, by saying it is not the particles which are resolved into nothingness, but that it is the individuality which perishes. There is still the assertion that something becomes nothing, and, in this case, it is that which is highest and most important; while the lower and less important continue to live. It is not so much the particles which make up the human body that are of consequence as it is the wonderful and mysterious something which goes to make up personal identity. Can this identity perish? If analogy can be deemed of value, here its lesson is obvious, as nothing in nature dies, so identity cannot die. But it will be answered, analogy goes further, and says that, though nothing dies, all things change, so what you call identity changes also. When you burn a piece of coal, and create heat, and light, and gas, though you have all the constituents which made up the piece of coal, and nothing is actually lost, yet the identity of the piece of coal is gone—you cannot recover it again. May it not be so with man? Death does not destroy the particles which make up his body, it only changes them, so it may not annihilate that which you describe as identity, but may it not change that, and in that change may not the individuality disappear? Now, undoubtedly, this is a strong point, and it appears difficult to answer it. The Theologian answers it with his "Thus saith the Lord," or with his "Because Christ rose from the dead, therefore all men shall rise from the dead." But this easy method of controversy, this cutting the Gordian knot, though short and simple, leaves the controversy just where it found it, and disqualifies those who adopt it from any real Philosophical inquiries. We must meet it differently, fully, or confess that we cannot meet it at all. But the difficulty is a new one. The ground is shifted. The doctrine of annihilation is now given up, and instead of it we have a theory of conjectural change. So far this is a substantial gain. We now unite in an affirmation, as a result of Philosophical principles that "nothing dies." Changes there are, and more changes there may be, but being can never be resolved into not-being.

Let us for a moment or two fall back upon Nature, and what she does in her great laboratory. We see what changes she makes; how she resolves solids into liquids or fluids; how she transfers darkness into light; and makes the offensive beautiful; but there are limits to her powers of analysis, and boundaries upon her mobile energy. Not only can she destroy nothing, but there are some things she cannot change. When she has reduced composites to simples she cannot resolve the simples away. She is able, perhaps, to combine them again with others, but they remain, and though they be sent on new errands, and enter upon fresh regions, they remain, and their identity is permanent. Does not this throw a light upon the subject of individuality? It is a well known fact that our bodies are in a continual process of change. Day by day we are throwing off the old and putting on the new. The most careless of observers has only to remember how his hair and nails grow and need to be cut, in order to understand that every other part of his body is undergoing the same new creation. The process is a continual one. The old is ever passing away and the new coming. See the changes that take place in the human body through the puling infant, the robust boy, the stalwart man, the lean and slippered pantaloon, and you must be impressed with the regular transmutations. But whether you observe it or not, the fact remains that our bodies are continually changing all their particles, and undergoing so complete a series of revolutions, that every atom changes, and that there is not in our bodies to-day, one particle which was there ten years ago. And yet, amid all these organic changes, so thorough and revolutionary, the sense of identity or individuality remains. There is a continual consciousness of

identity. We feel that though we change our clothing, *we* remain just the same. Our bodies may have altered a hundred times, but the tenant was always there, and he preserved the recollection of the transmutations which his outer form had undergone. We recall the days of childhood, our adventures and feelings when we were schoolboys, the passionate hopes and longings which filled our natures when the hot blood of early manhood was throbbing through our veins, the calmer, but more resolute character of maturer years, and, however, far we have gone down the hill of life, and how near, soever, we may stand to the period of physical dissolution we can trace ourselves through all the changes, feel that the individuality has never been altered, that the entity of life has always remained. Some call this the *spirit*, some the *soul*—I do not care for names, especially for names which do not convey a definite and accurate idea; but I prefer to think of it as the simple, irresolvable element that wherever it may go will always preserve its identity and live: it is the immortal part. I do not see how it is to be refined or analysed away. It seems to me to be necessarily existent. I know it will be urged that life, or identity requires organization, and that when organization passes away life ends. I admit that we only know life as manifested in organization, and that our experience cannot point to any life without it; but I also know that our organizations change continually, that our bodies die, using the word in its common sense, daily, and yet that *we* live. Besides, it is a tremendous leap to take, to assume that because we only know life through organization, that, therefore, there can be no life without it; and it is a greater assumption still, to declare that because, if organizations are necessary, we do not see the immortal part pass from the dissolving body into some new body prepared for it; that, therefore, there is no new body, and the greatest and most unphilosophical of all assumptions, is that which affirms, that when an organization dies, or is dissolved, life, or identity, comes to an end. Here, a great leap in the dark is taken, and moreover, a leap which is against all the analogies of Nature. Nothing else dies in the sense of annihilation, all things are resolved into their elements, but these elements are not, and cannot be destroyed. Why then should we assume that the element of conscious identity, that which makes individuality, perishes? Why, amid a universal law of life, should the stamp of death be put upon the noblest of Divine products? Is not this to bring a contradiction into the Universe, and to create a riddle which no one can read? Men have deluded themselves by the use of terms and definitions. Let them fall back upon facts, and though they will find change everywhere, they will find annihilation nowhere. God does not call forth or create in order to destroy. In the philosophical sense there is no such thing as destruction. But, it will be argued, is not change destruction? I answer no. You may dissolve a solid into gasses, and so alter combinations, but you do not change any of the essential elements, they are still in being and are ready for new or old combinations once more. So the immortal part of man may change—not its substance or identity, for that appears to be an indissoluable entity—but its creation, from one place or body to another; from one form of life to another, may go from realm to realm, from world to world; but it remains the same unchangeable. The personality, which thinks, remembers, discriminates, and feels, remains, and is for ever impressed with the life which fills the Universe. This cannot die. It was of this Herbert wrote:

> Only a sweet and holy soul
> Hath tints that never fly;
> While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
> It lives and cannot die.

Leaving this mere speculative philsophy of the subject, I cannot refrain quoting the words of a modern writer (F. P. Cobbe): "God compels us to remember that it is only the garment of the soul which it has laid by; and which we fain must leave 'folded upon the narrow shelves' of the grave. We shudder at first and writhe in our despair, to think of all death means; of what may now be the features on which our very hearts doted so fondly. Only when the snow falls or the wintry rain beats on our windows, we shrink and ask ourselves where is the one whom we guarded from every breath? For a long time it seems always that we are neglecting somewhat we yet might do for him; at least the merciful order of Providence accomplishes its purpose. We go no longer "to the grave to weep there," but we look up through the Summer sky, and believe that somewhere in that bright expanse our beloved one lives rejoicing in the holy smile of

God. This is the *natural* view of Death. Shall we never attain to it, and shew a faith whose emblems might fitly be palms and lilies, the anchor, the butterfly, the dove, white robes and everlasting flowers; and not black plumes and sable pall, the broken column and the extinguished torch?'

I have touched but one point in the Philosophy of a continuous life, but I have tried to shew that the Natural arguments for immortality are, by no means, insignificant, and that those who cannot bow before the authority of a text, or allow any Church to determine for them the nature and limits of their faith, have still a reason for the hope which is in them, and on the solid ground of reason and analogy, can build themselves up a blessed, a symmetrical, and a glorious faith. That faith points with undeviating fixity to a life that never ends—beyond the grave, and above the world, where there shall be continuous existence like the life of God, among the wonders and deathless splendours of a boundless universe.

J. C. S.

Rosemary Street Mutual Improvement Association.

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TWELFTH SESSION, 1883-4.

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The Committee have much pleasure in announcing the following

PROGRAMME UNTIL CHRISTMAS 1883.

1882.
Oct. 1—Opening Soiree.
" 8—Paper, "Salaries, Pensions, and Pensioners," Mr. W. J. Roche.
" 15—Paper, "The Track of the Avenger." Mr. F. D. F. O'Connor.
" 22—Lecture, "A Visit to Tangiers." Rev. T. Dunkerley, B.A.
" 29—Paper, "Lessing." Mr. Henry Ashton, M.A.
Nov. 5—Music and Readings.
" 12—Paper, "A Tour through the Fields of English Fiction." Mr. T. Harrison, B.A.
" 19—Paper, "Fairy Tales and Astronomical Myths." Mr.
" 26—Lecture, "Form and Spirit." Mr. J. Graham, Glasgow
Dec. 3—Paper, "Some Leaves from American Literature." Mr. G. L. Moore, M.A.
" 10—Music and Readings.
" 17—Paper, "Philosophical Christianity." Mr. W. Dempster.
" 24—Discussion, "Local Self-Government."

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THE OBJECTS OF THE ASSOCIATION ARE—

The intellectual and moral advancement of its Members, and the furtherance of fellowship and acquaintance among them.

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The Meetings are held on Monday Evenings at Eight o'clock, in the Rosemary Street Schools.

Admission—To Lectures and Discussion, Members Free; Non-Members, Sixpence each. To Papers, and Music, and Readings—Free.

Member's Subscription.—4s. per annum, which entitles to the use of the Library. Subscriptions for the Twelfth Session are now due and should be paid to the Treasurer, at 14, Lombard Street, *as early as possible.*

The Librarian will be in attendance after service on Sunday Mornings, and on every Monday Evening during the Session.

HESTER B. ASTON, } Hon.
JOSEPH W. ROBB, } Secs.

Summer and Autumn, 1883.

Having completed my Purchases for the present and approaching **Season,** *I have now on* **View** *a* **Choice Selection** *of the* **Newest** *and* **Most Fashionable** *Goods in the Trade, consisting of—*

Black and Blue Worsted Coatings and Serges.
English, Irish, and Scotch Tweeds.
Covert Coatings.
Fancy Suitings.
Fancy Trouserings.
Superfine West of England Black Cloths.
Doeskins and Cassimers.

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